

Love

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Love

by [FandomsAndShipsGalore](#)

Summary

Will self harms. Hannibal tries to help him heal.

Love isn't really a tickle or a flutter. It's more like being hit by a semi-truck picking yourself back up then being hit by a double decker bus. It leaves you breathless and full of adrenaline. It hits all at once. There is no magical moment of wow. No. It's more of a holy shit I'm in love with them. The worst part?

Realizing that they might not feel the same. That is the arrow to the heart, but luckily most of the time that part is only in your head. Now everyone will have their fair share of heartaches and heartbreaks, but when you find that special someone that really makes you feel that feeling of love it's... Indescribable.

Will was self-harming again. It had been a particularly grueling and gruesome week. The latest killer, nicknamed Shakespeare by the press, would find happy couples. Couples that were made for each other and murder them in their homes. To make the pot even sweeter; the killer was also an empath, so not only did Will get the killers feeling but the victims as well.

Pleasure and pain chased each other through Will's body threatening to tear Will apart at any moment. That's how he ended up sitting on his kitchen counter carving NO HOPE into his forearms in large sharp letters. Blood trickled like red tears down his arms and onto the counter. Will's face a paler red marked by years anguish and terror.

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The next morning when Jack came to talk to him about Shakespeare he noticed the thick bandages peeking out of Will's shirt sleeves. He knew about the cutting in the past but it hadn't happened in years. Much to Jack's heartache he called Hannibal to inform him of Will's latest development.

Hannibal cared for the younger man, whom he was deeply in love with, and was insistent that Will came to see him that night.

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By time Will arrived at Hannibal's home -Hannibal was insistent on cooking dinner for him- his shirt sleeves had red splotches on it from his blood. Hannibal greeted him with a warm smile and open arms. Will didn't wrap his arms around the doctor but simply rested his head against the man's chest accepting the loving gesture.

Hannibal pulled Will into his house, but neither talked nor moved to end the embrace. Hannibal dropped his hands to Will's forearms and felt the bandages. He took half a step back and released one of Will's arms using the other to pull him to the kitchen. He motioned to a chair, "Sit. I'll be right back."

"Hanni-" Will cut off his own protest and dropped into the chair with a sigh. Will entertained himself with admiring a beautiful bouquet of multi-color roses turning it this way and that way. Hannibal returned and set down a small bag which Will assumed was gauze and other things of the sort. The doctor motioned to Will's arms which he silently put on the table palm

up. Hannibal slid on a pair of latex gloves before unbuttoning Will's sleeve. Will snorted, "You aren't going to be able to get it all like that."

"And that's... funny?" Hannibal was confused. Will dropped his gaze, "Not really."

"May I?" Hannibal motioned toward Will's shirt. Will nodded once. Hannibal knelt in front of Will popping each button with care then carefully sliding each sleeve off. Will blushed when Hannibal's gaze lingered.

Hannibal cut off each of the bandages Will had secured around his forearms and became a little worried with the amount of blood he saw. He pulled out several alcohol swabs and the garbage can. Will winced as the blood was wiped away revealing those same six letters he had carved last night. NO HOPE. Hannibal stopped cold, "We need to talk about this Will."

"I don't want to," Will mumbled to the floor. Hannibal tipped Will's chin so their eyes met, "I want to help you Will."

Will's vision blurred as he teared up. Hannibal stooped to kiss Will's forehead as the younger man wiped at the tears. Almost all of the cuts were deep and required stitches to stem the flow of blood. Hannibal applied a thick layer of antibiotic cream to the stitches then covered it with gauze. When he finished Will sat across from him a little paler than when he arrived and shirtless.

Hannibal took the left over supplies back to where it went and bought Will a sweater to put on while he washed his shirt. After everything was taken care of Hannibal and Will sat across from each other on the couch sideways feet entwined. They both had a glass of wine though Will was having troubles, because every time he reached for the glass the sweater sleeve would fall over his hand, and he'd have to pull it up.

"Are you ready to talk about it?" Hannibal questioned. Will sighed, "Do I have a choice?"

"You always have a choice, Will."

"Sure doesn't feel like it."

"And why is that?" Hannibal cocked his head curiously. Will groaned then flipped around so he could put his head on Hannibal's stomach. Hannibal smiled and placed a hand in Will's curls. Will sighed, "Why do you always ask 'why'?"

"I suppose it's because I am a curious being and because I would like to figure out how I can help you get better," Hannibal stated. Will nodded, "Good answer."

Hannibal laughed so hard Will could feel the rumble where he laid. Will laughed too, more so at Hannibal's laugh than what he said. Hannibal calmed wiping the tears from his eyes, "Back to the matter at hand."

"Right, right," Will sighed.

"Why do you feel hopeless?" Hannibal questioned.

"It the case I can't separate the killers feelings from my own. Or the victims. I can't tell. And that makes me feel hopeless." Will heaved a deep breath.

"I think I have an idea though it may only be temporary," Hannibal said. Will looked up at him, "And that is?"

"Come up here," Hannibal smiled. Will scooted up so they were eye level. Hannibal cupped Will's jaw and brought their lips together. It was short but oh-so-sweet. Will looked at Hannibal wide-eyed. Hannibal smiled softly almost shyly, "How do you feel?"

"Like I've been hit by a truck," Will sounded breathless. Hannibal raised an invisible eyebrow, "Oh?"

"Love, I believe is how people describe it," Will smirked. The older man's face crinkled with joy, "I love you too."

Will blushed. Hannibal smiled, "You can make it through this, Will."

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Six months later,

Will was doing well, still had his bad days but they were few and far between. He and Hannibal were going steady. He quit working for the FBI and became a manager at the local fly fishing store. He had gotten a tattoo which covered the scarring on his arms and things were looking amazing. Beverly came over for "bro nights" on Wednesdays when Hannibal had meetings and they watched action movies and drank beer on Hannibal's ridiculously expensive sofa.

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